

## PEASANTS LIVE IN CONSTANT TERROR

Death Dealing Shocks Are Frequent in Calabria.

### LIVE ON SIDES OF MOUNTAINS

Compact Villages House Tillers of the Soil, and Two-story Stone Residences Closely Crowded Result in Great Loss of Life When Their Homes Tumble Down.

The word "terremoto" (earth movement) is in the vocabulary of every Sicilian and Calabrian living between Aetna and Vesuvius. In the course of the last 100 years Italy has been shaken more than 27,000 times, and holds the record, so far as is known. Within the space of four years the rugged southern section of Italy has been visited four times by death-dealing convulsions of the earth. Three times Calabria has been afflicted by earthquakes, with losses of life, says a writer in the New York Tribune. On April 3, 1905, 500 of the men and women who dig their gardens at the foot of the soft green slopes of Vesuvius paid toll for the privilege. These illiterate and superstitious people have living memories of the horrors which follow in the train of Mother Earth's adjustments of her contour. If any need visible reminders of these previous visitations they may be found in the shacks covered with black building paper erected in the stricken villages of Calabria by the Italian government after the last "terremoto." The poverty-stricken people who were robbed of their miserable homes in 1905 were still occupying the temporary hovels erected for their comfort three years ago when fresh evidence last week of the uncertainty of the earth's crust through this section overtook them.

### Live on Mountain Sides.

Calabria and the hinterland of Sicily are among the most primitive, illiterate, and impoverished portions of Italy. Mountains, some of those in Calabria being more than 1,000 feet higher than Mount Washington and topped with snow throughout the year, although the cactus of the semi-tropics grows at their feet, shut the people away from the railroads. Scattered all through the mountains, usually well up on their sides or upon the summits, are compact villages. Although agriculture is the sole source of income, the people do not as a rule live in separate houses on their small farms, but in two-story stone houses set together in villages. From these they set forth in the early morning, till their vineyards on the terraces laboriously dug out of the barren and precipitous hillsides, returning in the evening. This accounts for the large numbers killed in the different villages.

Each village has its patron saint, and it is to this that its inhabitants look in the hour of trouble. This patron saint may be represented by an image, or by a fragment. With the saint, or the image, frequently of the Virgin Mary herself, is often connected a story of some particular favor believed to have been granted to the village in times past through its influence. A plague may have been stayed by the intervention of a particular effigy or saintly fragment. In the Cathedral of Syracuse are preserved the skeletons of two saints, that of the feminine one being dressed in bridal finery and displayed in a glass covered box attached to the wall. At Catania, following the "terremoto" the other day, the archbishop of the see, to calm the frightened populace, promised that the bones of St. Agatha should be carried through the streets in procession. These remnants of the saint are regarded as the special deliverer of the city, according to tradition, having demonstrated their power on several occasions. One tradition is that the city was protected through the influence of the saint against a lava flow from Aetna in 1669, when a fearful eruption occurred. The veil of the saint's costume was extended toward the flaming stream. The lava turned aside near the Benedictine monastery and flowed harmlessly into the sea. Only 25,000 of Catania's inhabitants lost their lives on the occasion of this eruption.

### Look to Image for Safety.

In a number of Calabrian villages on Monday the villagers abandoned their tumbledown homes, and at the risk of injury from the falling stones of their churches brought forth the images and marched through the country with them, invoking the mercy of God.

It is easy to imagine the effect of a catastrophe of the dimensions and character of an earthquake upon peasants of the types to be found in Calabria and Sicily. The rafters begin to shiver over their heads and the heavy stones of the top walls fall to the street outside. Others break through the tile roof and crash through sleeping rooms to the earthen floors of gloomy apartments underneath. The side walls rock, and cracks run through them like so many streaks of lightning. The ground shivers and is rent. All this has happened in the course of a few seconds. The peasants, overcome by the power of the shock, whose origin none can see, strike terror to the heart, and clasp children to their breasts, the men and women brave the falling stones of the street and make for the open country. Long before they have reached the barren hillsides, however, the clashing forces have been silenced. Those who are to give up their lives have already expired. Those who are to be injured are already bleeding beneath the piles of debris. To be caught in an Italian village by an earthquake is to be caught like a mouse in a trap. Twenty, or thirty seconds is hardly ample time from which to make an escape from a building with one's family, not to say from a village of several thousand inhabitants.

In times like this the terror-stricken peasants are as a flock without a shepherd. They need the guiding and strengthening influence of a person of authority. It is at this point that the soldier enters the scene. He it is who digs out the wounded and the bodies of the dead from among the wreckage. Every Italian town has its carabinieri, and in every large place like Reggio di Calabria, Messina, or Cosenza are stationed troops. It is under their direction that the work of rescue is accomplished.

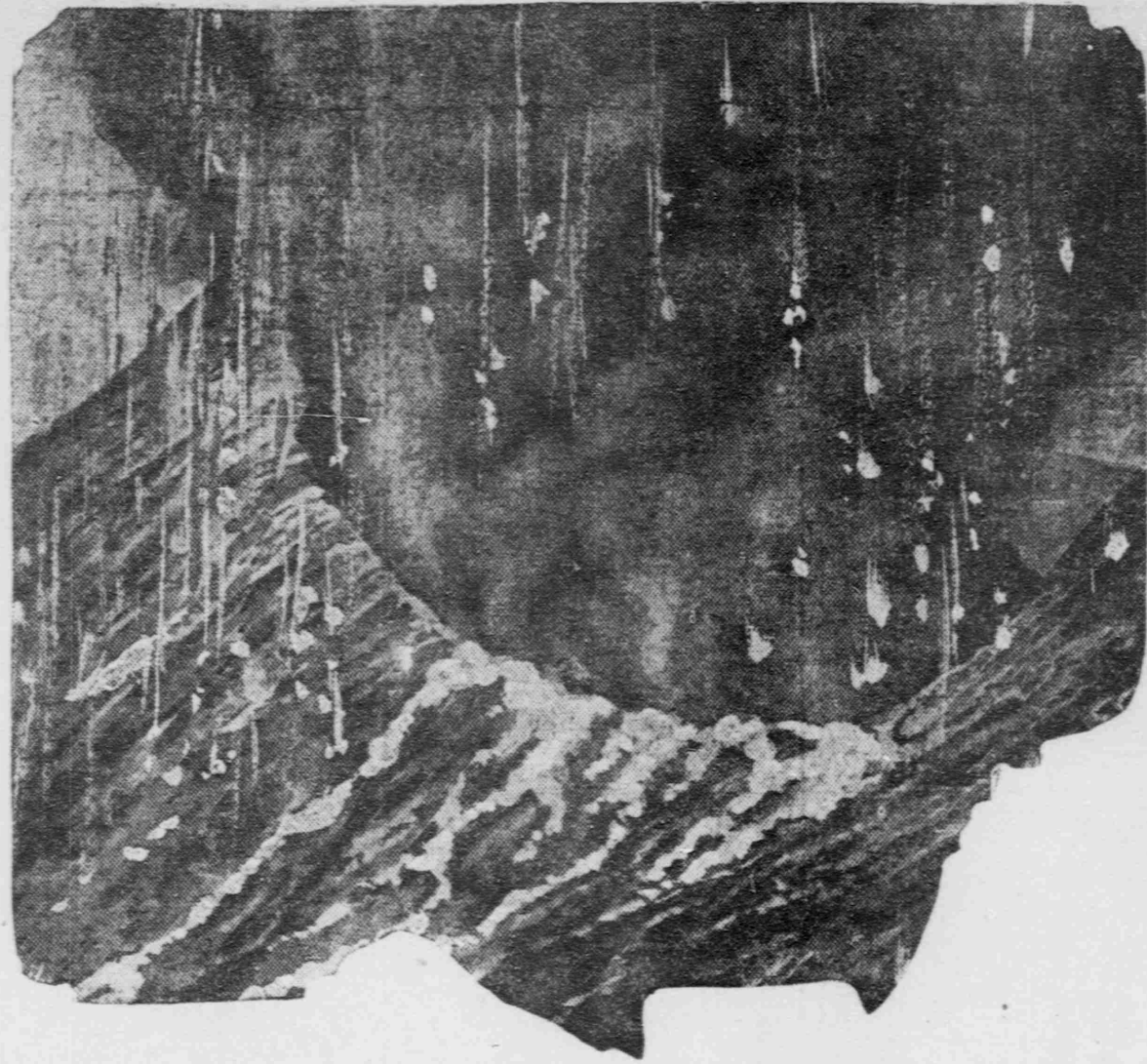
### SYLLIA AND CHARYBDIS.

Monsters, According to the Mythology of the Greeks.

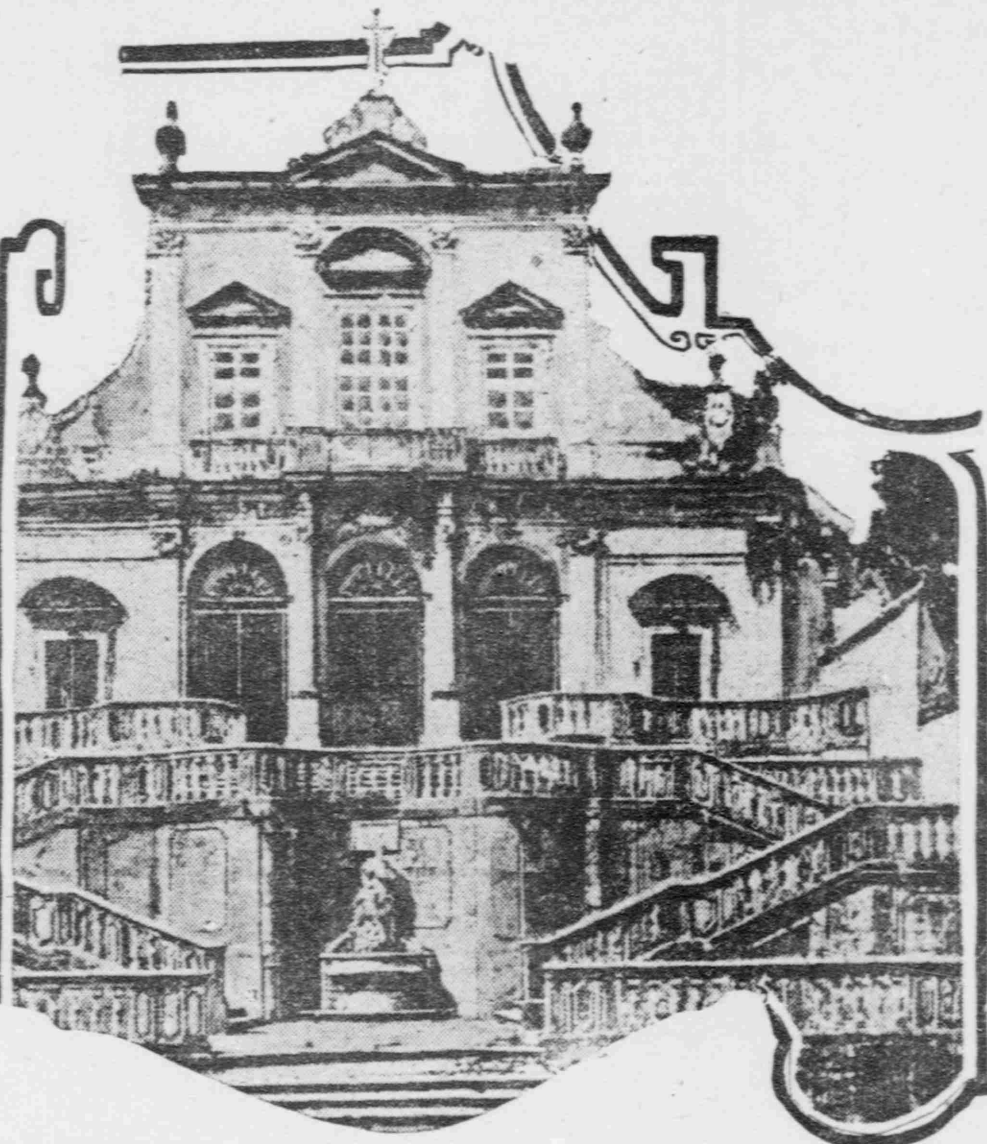
Charybdis and Syllia, according to Greek mythology, were voracious monsters which dwelt opposite each other on the Strait of Messina. Charybdis dwelt in a rock off the shore of Sicily, and three times a day drank all the waters of the surrounding sea, and three times cast them up again. Syllia's den was in another rock on the Calabrian shore, and she was a monster having twelve feet and six long necks and mouths, each of which took a victim from each ship which passed within their reach.

Charybdis was a dangerous whirlpool on the Sicilian coast, and Syllia on the Calabrian, or Italian, coast, and their proximity rendered the navigation of the

## EARTHQUAKE SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN SOUTHERN STATES.



The crater of Mount Etna, in Sicily, shown in eruption. The crater is four miles in diameter, and Etna is the most powerful volcano now active.



Church of Monte di Pietra, one of the most beautiful specimens of architecture in Italy. It was destroyed by the earthquake which devastated Sicily and Calabria.



Picture shows Lipari Island, and village, one of the Aeolian group, which was reported to have been swallowed up by the recent earthquake.

Messina strait exceedingly dangerous to the sailors of ancient times. The rock of Syllia is still to be identified near the town of Syllia, unless the earthquake has destroyed it, but modern geographers place Charybdis in the whirlpool of Galathea, ten miles south of Syllia, instead of directly opposite. They would have still been near enough together for mythological purposes. While there are many counter currents which produce whirlpools in the Messina strait, none of them is now considered dangerous.

In the recent mighty upheaval of nature in the region lying in and between the Ionian and Tyrrhenian seas many monsters and demons more terrible than Syllia and Charybdis seem to have been turned loose to work havoc and destruction among the unfortunate people of that region.

### Pretty Tough.

"That was a dreadful tough steak you sent us yesterday, Mr. Beeblebrot."

"Was it, ma'am? You should have sent it back."

"Yes; I meant to, but husband was too quick for me. Before I knew what he was going to do he cut it up into strips and used it for hinges on the henhouse door."

### Exclusive.

From Puck.  
Mulligan—The byes say ye licked poor Casey. Shure, he niver hurt iny man's feelin's.

Harrigan—He's a snake in the grass. The blackbird referred to me as his contemporary, and I'll be the contemporary to no man livin'.

### Slight Misunderstanding.

From the Chicago Daily News.  
"Do the people of this community devote much of their time to gastronomy?" asked the city boarder.

"Now; I don't reckon they do," answered Farmer Geeshaw. "Es fur ez I know, they ain't a tellyscope in th' hull township."

### JUST "WISHES."

Man with the Hod Wishes Before Man with the Hoe.

From the Chicago News.

"I wish I had a nickel for every brick I ever carried," sighed the man with the hoe, as he seated himself on the edge of the mortar box. "Gee! I'd be fixed."

"You need fixin'," said the man with the hoe, with a slight sneer. "Somebody ought to fix you. If you did have it, you wouldn't be no better off than what you are now."

"I'd like to know how you figger that out," said the man with the hoe.

"You'd drink yourself to death inside of a month if somebody didn't take the money away from you afore then," explained the man with the hoe. "Money wouldn't do you no good. If you ain't able to take care of your wages what would you do with a lot of money?"

"Who said I wasn't able to take care o' my wages?"

"Are you? Do you mean to say I couldn't go to you any time you had money and make a touch? Couldn't any feller that was a friend o' yours tap you? If you thought he needed it and you had it wouldn't you give it to him?"

"Well, if you come to that, I guess you're right," said the man with the hoe complacently. "I know I'm a good deal that kind of a feller. If a man's my friend he can have anything I've got. I wish I had some of the money I've loaned. If I had five cents of every dollar I've loaned or give away I'd ask for nothing more."

There's many other things that you might wish for," said the man with the hoe sagely. "You might wish you had the health and strength you uster have. Right now, you've got to set down an' rest every so often while you're working an' lay off from workin' every so

often on account of havin' something the matter with you."

"A feller ain't to blame for bein' sick," said the man with the hoe.

"A feller is if he ain't used himself right," said the man with the hoe. "If a feller bats around nights the way you've done an' fills himself up as often as you do, he can expect to be sick. I wish I had a dollar for every quart o' beer you've swallered."

"I wish you had, an' you couldn't go to sleep until you gave me half of it," said the man with the hoe.

"Wishin'" exclaimed the man with the hoe. "It's a sight of good, wishin'. I wish I had the edgeration I might have had if I'd made the most o' my chance. I wish I didn't have the friends I had wunst. I wish I didn't have no more on my conscience than I uster have. I wish I could take another start an' know what I know now."

"A feller misses lots by not bein' able to look ahead," agreed the man with the hoe.

"I can look ahead for you," said the man with the hoe. "Afore the month's out you'll get fired for loafin' on your job. If I had a five-dollar bill for every time you've been soldiering since you came on I'd buy a red thermometer on my way home an' have roast chicken an' apple pie for supper."

"And a can of beer," suggested the man with the hoe.

"And a can of beer, certainly," agreed the man with the hoe. "I guess I could afford to take a chance or two on a stake like that."

"I wish I had a can—" began the man with the hoe.

"Cheese it," said the man with the hoe. "The boss is comin'."

### In New York.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.  
"Keb, sir? Bullet proof. Army inside free for use of passengers. Carry two pistols myself. Guard has sawed off shotgun. Both crack shots. Insurance policy goes with each fare. Keb, sir?"

The New York taxicabby was soliciting custom.



Picture of the City Hall Square in Messina, where thousands of refugees fled for safety from falling walls, when the city was destroyed.

### NOW AT SCENE OF THE EARTHQUAKE.



MRS. LLOYD C. GRISCOM.

Charming wife of the American Ambassador to Italy.



AMBASSADOR GRISCOM.

Who is on the scene at Messina doing much to aid the sufferers.

### AT THE CASHIER'S DESK.

By H. S. SUTTON.

Dinner in the down-town restaurant at 4:10 at the close of the olio. One avoids the rush and the rabble after the departments are out, you know.

As I handed my check to the Greek girl at the cashier's desk she said:

"Gotta some more chewin' gum? I wait on you at the Greek's down the Avenue. A gemmen, heem say, 'You go Acad?' I say, 'Cert.' Heem say, 'You takka tip an' go to mat.' Zen ze boss, heem say, 'You cutta ze mat; you buy you stock.' I go ze mat. Zen I fire myself. Methinks maybe if I treat the gemman nice, he'll buy me not ze stock, but ze shirt waist. A girl was a cheap guy. She don't strike high enough."

"Zen I try for nozzler place. Ze boss' bruvver run zat; nothin' doin'. Zen I try for nozzler place; heem seester run zat; nothin' doin'. Zen I tried to go on ze stage. But the manager, heem say, 'Run along, keed; we ain't lookin' for saved-offs'—cause I was teetle."

"Zen I work Merican caffs. A feller, heem say to me, 'You looka the good.' I tell heem, 'Keep a steppin'.' Heem say, 'You looka good-to-me,' and he speaks Persia. No, 'course he can't speak Persia, but my grandmuzzer, she say zat Persia was ze language of ze eyes."

"A street-car feller, heem say he be my regular—a regular on a dollar seventy. Zat's what zey set, and zey are paid every night. I can do better, I know. Come een again and I'll tell you about heem."

### Drake's Pan.

From the Chicago News.  
Having made as much as a modern oil baron Drake decided to go out of the buccaneering business.

"Well, boys," he announced as he hauled down the Jolly Roger, "as I am a Drake, I guess it is time for me to duck."

Later on Queen Elizabeth heard of the pun and offered to make Drake editor-in-chief of a London comic paper.

### GIVING THE BLIND A CHANCE.

France, England, and Germany Have Done More Than We.

John Macy, in Everybody's.

All kinds of efforts to give the adult blind a fair chance have been carried further in France, Great Britain, and Germany than in this country. In Great Britain the intellectual and talented blind are selected for higher education, and when they have become competent as musicians or teachers, the schools and associations stand behind them and persuade vestrymen and committees to give them a hearing. Dr. Campbell, of the Royal Normal College, in London, tells a good story of going to a church committee to recommend a blind organist. The conversation ran something like this:

"But he cannot read music."

"Of course he can. Some of the music is printed in Braille. The rest can be read to him as you would read a book aloud."

"But that is difficult."

"The difficulties are his affair, not yours."

"It is necessary for him to take charge of the choir and teach the boys. A blind man cannot teach music."

"Can't he? Do you know anything about music?"

"Well, my five fingers are the staff and my walking stick is the first line below. See? And this watch is a note. If I put it down there on the cane, that is 'C.' If I move it up just below the little finger, that is 'D.'"

And so the lesson continued rapidly for a few minutes. Finally Dr. Campbell said: "Now you have learned the elements of musical notation."

"Yes, I understand better than I ever did before."

"Well, then, I taught you, and I am a blind man."

Dr. Campbell's candidate got a hearing, and the hearing secured the position.

We need such agents to advance the competent blind, to compel simply a fair trial for blind candidates. It would seem that when good organists are found in so few churches and church choirs are so notoriously bad, the blind ought to be encouraged rather than forbidden to raise the general average of church music.

### Clever Work of Beavers.

From the Kenebec Journal.  
A peculiar fact was discovered at the reservoir at Saddleback Pond recently at Rangely, when beavers' work in dam construction was found to interfere with the water supply from Saddleback stream. These busy engineers had constructed a tight dam, which had retained considerable of the supply of the mountain reservoir, and workmen each day tore out their work, only to find it rebuilt on their next visit. Good sized tree sections had been hauled in and placed in the dam by the beavers. After several destructions of the beavers' dams there was again found to be a stoppage in the supply of water through the main pipes. The dam had not been rebuilt, but on close investigation it was found that those cunning engineers, in revenge, apparently, had built a dense screen across the strainer, which had prevented the flow of water through the main pipe.

### By Ear.

From the Chicago Tribune.  
Stranger (on horseback)—Uncle, what is the price of oats to-day?

Uncle Jed (sitting on the fence)—We don't sell our votes in these diggin's, mister. Be you a candidate?

## MODELS IN NEW YORK

All Sorts and Varieties May Be Found Among Them.

### VANITY IS WELL CULTIVATED

One Young Woman Who Came from the Maine Woods—Oldest Model Has a Face Known from One End of the Country to the Other—Charwoman's Compliment to a Sculptor.

The models who haunt the doors of the studios and art schools of the city are of any and every nationality, and some of them have tried pretty much every other calling. They may come from Oregon, from France, from Sicily, from the Bowery or from Sixth avenue, but if they earn a living by posing they have always one conspicuous trait in common—a high opinion of their persons. This is only the natural pride of every merchant in his goods, for the face or figure of the model is his stock in trade, according to the New York Sun.

One girl of about twenty-two was brought up in Maine twenty miles from a railroad. She lived in a logging camp where her father worked and where occasionally old papers and magazines reached them. Once she read something about a model, and after that she used to cut out the pictures, not of actresses, but of models, and paste them over the cracks of the pine boards in their little room.

She dreamed for years of being a real model and posing for a picture of the Madonna. When her father died she worked her way to New York, serving as waitress in summer hotels. For a while she wandered around in the streets here and lived about as the sparrows do, but finally found her way into a studio and got work and was passed on to other painters as a useful little being.

She has not the traditional beauty of the model, just a small face, brown eyes and a certain New England primeness, but she loves her work and can stand half a day without stopping to rest.

"It's a business," she says, "same as any other, 'but I like it, and the artists always treat me just lovely."

### Poses as a Grandmother.

There is an old, old lady well-known in New York studios who has a few conventional grandmother poses—head bent over her knitting, dozing in her chair, which is often literally true, and reading her Bible. She has been a model for sixty years and is very proud of it, even claiming the distinction of being the first original professional model in the town.

She once posed for an advertisement of a patent medicine which has covered fences, stations and spaces in street cars the country over. You recognize her at once as belonging to that remedy. She never gives you time to mention it but tells you in two seconds, "My face is known from Maine to California."

Some evening at dusk in a quiet part of the city you may chance on a tall, thin man having a yellowish face and a bushy mass of blue black hair. He wears a hat of such wide and romantic proportions that it lacks nothing but the traditional plume to transform him into a Dumas hero. He is a model who has had much experience and has posed in most of the large cities the world over.

He has small beadlike eyes, high cheek bones, a narrow forehead and looks like an exquisitely studied drawing by an old master. He is graceful and supple enough to do anything with his body. He can speak a dozen languages all very brokenly and never fails to go straight to the bottom of your box of cigarettes during a morning's sitting.

### Fantastic and Unreal.

He travels with a trunk of properties like an actor and has many beautiful costumes of various periods, besides foils and daggers which he sometimes looks quite capable of using. In a broad coat and silk tights with a mandolin slung over his shoulder he is the French troubadour, or wrapped in the red robe of a cardinal with a mass book in one hand, looking slyly up with his sharp eyes he seems to belong to some hot blooded Southern knight of love and hate.

He has figured in the pictures of illustrators and painters, been used by decorators, and he loves nothing so much as to tell you how he posed for the Princess Louise and another royal lady and how many times he has hung the line in the canvasses of famous artists.

He is fantastic and unreal, tremendously impressed with his own importance and must be handled delicately when dismissed. If an artist grows weary of his methods let him have a care how he expresses this, for the model, half in French, half in Italian, with an English word or two, will say with a look of scorn: "Monsieur doesn't wish me any more, not wish me, hein? He wishes some other model? Hein? I go away. Monsieur will never succeed." And he departs, leaving the painter with somewhat the sensation that an evil eye has been cast upon him.

### Two Girl Models.

Another well-known model is a long, slender girl with a colorless face and a mass of fair hair, who has the listless grace of a Rossetti or Burne-Jones creation. In street clothes she wears a gray ulster and a hat with bedraggled plume, but take her into your studio and let her rid herself of these and wrap herself in any bit of gauze or drapery and she becomes as beautiful as a river nymph done by a master.

There is another girl, noted for her wonderful red hair, which shines like burnished copper in certain lights. She has the greatest interest in the careers which she poses for and is always begging sketches of herself. Once she went to art school for a week. She keeps watch of the work of all the artists, she goes to the exhibitions, she speaks with the phrase of the studios, she criticizes and talks art whenever she comes to pose. When she was working for a well-known sculptor he used her for an Andromache. After making the clay model he started to cut the statue from the marble.

Under his skilled hand the girl's figure flowered out of the rough stone. When it was partly finished a charwoman came into the studio to sweep. She stopped and stared with her mop in her hand at the marble with the figure growing out of it, then she turned around to the artist and said slowly:

"How did you know she was in there?" When the woman was gone the red-haired girl said to the sculptor: "She is very ignorant, isn't she?"

To which he responded enigmatically: "Child, could either you or I have answered her it would have been to reveal the secret of creation."

### The Sorrows of Man.

From the Smart Set.  
"For ten years I've been trying to drown my sorrows—and they won't drown." They've had time to learn to swim!

### On the Camel Plan.

From the New York Sun.  
Knicker—What should be a test of heaven?

Bocker—Well, a woman ought to get her hair through a needle's eye.